

1 NEW EARL, 3 BARONS AND MANY KNIGHTS

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One Penny.

NOTABILITIES WHOM THE KING "DELIGHTS TO HONOUR."



Sir George Riddell, a new baron.



Lady Stanley, wife of Sir Albert Stanley (new baron), with her daughters.



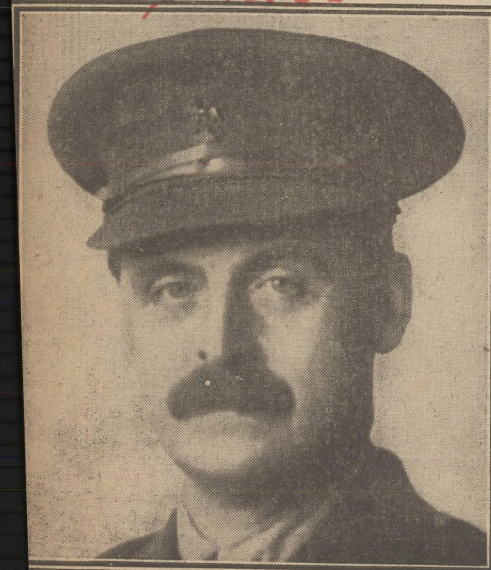
Sir A. Stanley, who receives a barony.



The Hon. Mrs. Frederick Guest.



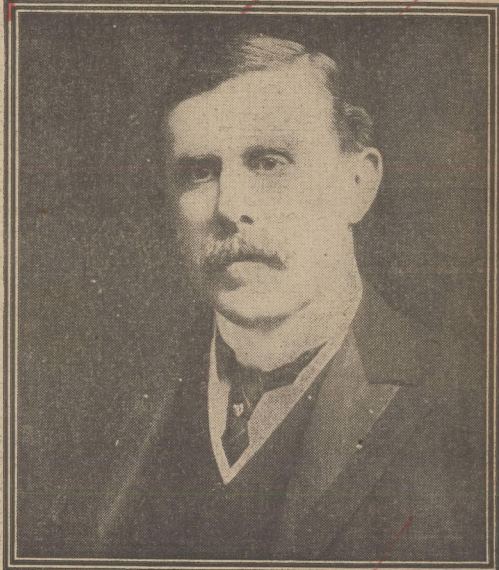
Capt. F. E. Guest, M.P., Privy Councillor.



Colonel Sir B. E. Dawson, the noted physician, becomes a baron.



Mrs. John (now Lady) Latta, wife of the new baronet.



Viscount Middleton, who receives an earldom.

The New Year's honours list, published this morning, contains some interesting names amongst those whom the King delights to honour. Sir B. E. Dawson, whose medical services in France added to a long record of public service, becomes a baron, as also do Sir

G. A. Riddell, the newspaper proprietor, and Sir Albert Stanley, late President of the Board of Trade. Viscount Middleton is created an earl, and a number of politicians, including Captain F. E. Guest, the Joint Chief Government Whip, are in the list.

HUGE CROWDS DANCE AND SING IN 1920.

4,000 Revellers at the Albert Hall.

WOMAN'S CHANCE TO-DAY

Joyous Scenes in Hotel and Restaurant—Many Novelties.

The Little Stranger has come to town. All eyes are on the future of this young man—1920.

Long before midnight crowds clustered about great churches like St. Paul's and Westminster, and at the first stroke of the hour joined hands and sang to the coming of the first New Year of the Peace.

The West End was crowded with merry-makers. Theatres and cinemas were packed. Hotels and restaurants were filled and there were dances everywhere.

All over the country the watch night services drew large congregations to await the first moments of the year that should mean the lighting of many a private sorrow.

ALBERT HALL REVELS.

Fun Fast and Furious—How the "Prettiest Girl in London" Arrived.

Nowhere was the advent of 1920 more rapturously received than at the Chelsea Arts Club hall at the Albert Hall last night, where some 4,000 revellers ate, drank, sang, danced and made merry until the very pale hours of this morning. Even the arrival of the Brousauros—an awesome monster—had no power to chill, while the huge decorations of Hildenburg—the God of Gratitude—was treated with scant respect by the merry-makers, who struck him in derision with their gaily-coloured balloons in passing.

The decorations, which were specially designed by Mr. Granville Fell and A. E. Bartlett, were a triumph of artistry.

At midnight the trumpets sounded; a hushed stillness fell upon the huge throng, and all eyes were turned towards two pillars which were divided by a draped curtain bearing the figures 1920 in a wreath of laurels.

The curtains parted. Two angels of Peace appeared bearing "the prettiest girl in London"—a curly-haired baby—little 1920—who, finger in mouth, bowed shy greetings to the cheering crowd. Then the vast hall rang with cheers, laughter, and the popping of balloons, which descended in kaleidoscopic showers from the ceiling. (Photographs pages 6 and 7.)

VOICE FROM THE CLOCK.

The Magic Hour Announced at the Savoy by Voice from Grandfather Clock.

At the Savoy the 1,600 seats available at the dinner tables had been sold long ago.

The dinner was followed by a dance in the ballroom, and the coming of midnight was announced by a human voice coming mysteriously from the interior of the grandfather's clock. Immediately the band struck up "Auld Lang Syne," the dancers joining hands and singing.

Trumpeters announced the advent of the New Year at Princes Restaurant, where 800 guests assembled in the picture gallery; and the restaurant of the Carlton, where 700 dined and danced, was the centre of the excitement.

The management of the Berkeley arranged the rooms set apart for the gala dinner in imitation of a French garden of 1870.

At Romano's there were crackers on the tables and presents for the 250 guests and a dance afterwards.

Lady Rhonda's Message.—"I sincerely hope and believe that 1920 will bring a better understanding between labour and capital. The people of Great Britain are renowned for their common sense," says Lady Rhonda in a telegram to *The Daily Mirror*.

COALITION M.P. FOR BROMLEY.

The Bromley (Kent) by-election result was declared yesterday:—

Colonel C. James (C.-U.) 11,148
Mr. F. P. Hodges (Lab.) 10,077

Coalition majority 1,071
At the previous election Mr. H. W. Forster (C.-U.) had a majority of 12,501.

DEATH OF SIR HORACE PLUNKETT.

Sir Horace Plunkett has died at Battle Creek, Michigan.—Central News.

Sir Horace Plunkett, born in 1854, was chairman of the Irish Convention. The vast improvement in Irish agriculture is chiefly due to him. His maxim was: "Better farming, better business, better living."

FLOWERS WILL SOON BE CHEAPER.

The *Daily Mirror* learns from Covent Garden that flowers should soon be plentiful and cheap. Narcissi, which before Christmas were whole sale 30s. to 48s. a basket, are now 12s. and lilies of the valley 2s. 6d. a bunch instead of 10s.

FIRST WOMAN J.P.

Mrs. Summers, Mayor of Stalybridge, Takes Seat on Bench.

A GRATEFUL DEFENDANT.

Stalybridge had the distinction yesterday of having the first woman magistrate presiding at the Borough Police Court.

Councillor Mrs. Ada Summers is mayor of the borough this year, and she took the oath and then sat on the bench, and was welcomed by her colleagues.

Only three cases of chimney firing were before the Court, and Mrs. Summers dismissed them.

One of the grateful defendants offered congratulations to Mrs. Summers on her new dignity.

4,500 BRIDES.

Glasgow's Wonderful Year of Sheriff's Court Weddings—Fifty in a Day.

Glasgow yesterday reached the crest of a matrimonial wave, the last day of the year being the most popular one for the celebrating of marriages.

Early in the morning fully fifty blushing brides and their grooms, each couple being accompanied by witnesses, lined up before the Sheriff to swear on oath that they had fulfilled the legal requirements under the marriage schedule, which is afterwards completed at the office of the registrar.

This so-called irregular form of marriage, which is in every respect legal in Scotland, has been amazingly popular in Glasgow during 1919, fully 4,500 couples, representing all classes and practically all marriageable ages, having appeared before the Sheriff.

Cost of Marriage.—"There is no intention of increasing the marriage fee charged by the registrar of marriages," said a high official at Somerset House yesterday.

A WET "FAREWELL."

Youth's Message to Sweetheart After Pretence of Drowning.

"You are a young fool," said the Mayor of Wallasey yesterday to John Burke, eighteen, in dismissing a charge of attempted suicide. Burke, it was stated, tried to throw himself into the Mersey because he quarrelled with his sweetheart.

While sitting on the promenade with the girl he suddenly left her and returned shortly afterwards soaking wet, saying that he had just come back to wish her "good-bye" before going into the river again.

To the magistrates Burke said: "I had no intention of drowning myself, I didn't go into the river. I got wet on the bottom of the pool."

H. A. L. FISHERISMS.

Aeroplane a Malignant Invention—The Importance of Being a Teacher.

Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, President of the Board of Education, told the Education Associations Conference yesterday that:—

The aeroplane was the most uncomfortable method of progression yet devised by the malignant ingenuity of man.

The Universities must be content with nothing short of the widest range of the deepest learning. Elementary teachers should think meanly of their own importance, but greatly of the importance of their office.

MOTOR-BOAT SAVES FIVE.

Five survivors of the American schooner Eleanor A. Percy, which foundered in the Atlantic on Christmas Day, were landed at Swansea yesterday, having been picked up in an exhausted condition 150 miles west of Lundy by an electric motor-boat. The survivors stated that there was a crew of sixteen and a stowaway. The steamer Ravenshoe, 3,232 tons, of Cardiff, was driven ashore during a gale near Land's End yesterday, and is likely to become a total wreck. Her crew of twenty-seven were saved by breeches buoy.



Prof. E. Wallis Budge.



Sir H. Birchenough.

DEARER LARDER.

Decontrol of Cheese and Butter to Raise Prices.

MILK MAY BE CHEAPER.

The rumoured removal of control from milk, British cheese and British butter was confirmed yesterday, and *The Daily Mirror* learns that the following important modifications of prices may be expected early in February:—

Milk.—Price will not rise, but will probably fall by 1d. to 2d. a quart.

British Cheese.—Price will rise from the present controlled 1s. 8d. a lb. to a figure in the neighbourhood of 2s. a lb.

British Butter.—Price will rise from the present 2s. 6d. It may reach 5s. a lb. for a time, and is almost certain to be round about 4s. 6d. a lb.

The "open" season, which has caused an abundance of milk, justifies decontrol earlier than the date originally fixed—April.

For some time it has been evident that the 2s. 6d. per lb. for butter does not remunerate the British farmer. The National Farmers' Union claims that 4s. 6d. a lb. is nearer the fair price. But it is possible that the price may reach 5s. a lb. for a time.

It is probable that the decontrol of British cheese, though leading to a rise in price, will enable the Government to revise the price of imported cheeses so that they will in the near future be at least 1d. per lb. cheaper than at present.

Prohibition of the manufacture of sweets would only increase the domestic ration by 11 ounces per person per week, says the Royal Commission on Sugar Supply.

A PEER FINED.

Too Much Motor "M.P.H."—Viscount Curzon's Previous Convictions.

For driving a motor-car at excessive speed (29 m.p.h.), Viscount Curzon was, at Kingston

On this occasion, said Viscount Curzon, he was driving, as far as he could judge, at the legal limit of twenty miles an hour. In regard to the Motor-Car Act of 1903, the Minister of Transport had informed him in the House that the whole of the law was under revision, and he appealed on behalf of motorists in general that an act such as his should be treated as technical.

The clerk said the Bench always discriminated between cases of exceeding the limit and dangerous driving. Four similar convictions were proved against him.



Viscount Curzon.

THE W.A.A.C.S' GOOD-BYE.

Sorrowful Farewells at Headquarters as Last 150 Receive "Demob" Papers.

With the Old Year the W.A.A.C. as a military organisation "passed out" yesterday. Many sorrowful partings took place at the Grosvenor-street Q.M.A.A.C. headquarters, when about 150 smartly-uniformed women paraded for the last time to receive their "demob" papers. "I'm really sorry to go," said one girl.

The strength of the Q.M.A.A.C. at the armistice was 40,850, and the total number who served in France was 17,000. There are now only sixty members in France serving under the Directorate of Graves Registration and a few officials and members in the London Record Office.

LOST AT TREAT, FOUND IN COW.

A miniature purse, containing a shilling, a halfpenny, a postage stamp and a button, which a Worthing girl lost at a school treat during the summer, has just been returned to her. It was found in the stomach of a cow which was slaughtered for Christmas.

THE PRINCE'S SIX MONTHS TOUR.

The Prince of Wales will sail, Reuter learns, in March in H.M.S. Renown for Australia and New Zealand, travelling via the Panama Canal, and will return to England about September. It is likely that he will visit India in the cold weather of 1921, and that the next Dominions tour will be to South Africa.

BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS SEEKS HER FREEDOM.

"Cold" Wedding That Prince's Mother Opposed.

DECORATED BY TSAR.

The unhappy sequel to the marriage at St. Mary's, Cadogan-street, Chelsea, on July 5, 1910, between Prince Antoine Radziwill, head of the almost royal European house of that name, and Miss Dorothy Parker Deacon, daughter of Edward Parker Deacon, a Boston millionaire, is told by the New York correspondent of the Central News.

It is now an open secret that the wedding itself was a "cold" affair. Few people witnessed the ceremony, and Miss Deacon, who was known in her native town as "The Boston Princess" on account of her beauty, appeared almost unaffected by her wedding.

The Prince himself, it is recalled, was obliged to retire to a pew when the ceremony was but half performed.

These peculiar incidents are perhaps explained by later events.

They can be partially accounted for by the appeal by Countess Marie Benicka, mother of the Prince, a few months before the wedding took place, to the Pope to ask him to forbid the marriage.

FLIGHT TO ROME.

Princess and Her Mother-in-Law Escaped During Revolution in Russia.

It took the Princess three years to reconcile her mother-in-law to their action.

The Princess gained the Cross of St. George for her work with the wounded and refugees, and the decoration was personally bestowed by the Tsar, to whom also an appeal had been made but five years previously to discontinue her marriage.

While the fate of the Prince is unknown, the Princess and her mother-in-law were forced to flee to Rome, where the Countess had a villa, during the revolution.

The Princess took the opportunity of her release from the bonds of society to seek separation from her husband on the ground "that she was forced into the marriage."

Accordingly, news has been received in Boston that Princess Radziwill is trying, through the mediation of the Pope, to become Dorothy Deacon, of Boston, again.

TRILBY HAT CLUE.

Story of Dagger Attack in Knightsbridge House—Struggle on Stairs.

Mr. Ivor Napier, of 63, Knightsbridge, was the victim of an extraordinary encounter with a man whom he found in his house on returning home on Monday night.

He stated that when he entered he heard a noise upstairs and went up, and at the top of the stairs was attacked by a short, thick-set and dark-complexioned man armed with an Oriental dagger, which had been taken from the drawing-room.

After striking Mr. Napier across the face with the weapon the assailant rushed downstairs, and Mr. Napier, who followed, shouted for assistance. Weak from loss of blood, Mr. Napier had to be removed to hospital.

The book states that about nine o'clock she heard footstep, and through a glass panel she saw a man upstairs and thought Mr. Napier had brought someone home. About ten minutes later she heard a struggle, ran upstairs and found Mr. Napier bleeding. The man had bolted, leaving his trilby hat.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Wind between west and south, light or moderate, increasing to strong or high; fair or cloudy, then some rain; rather mild.

The Wish: Happy New Year to all.
The Thames rose 5in. yesterday, and near Walton is 3ft. above normal.

12,000 Co-operative shop employees in Scotland threaten to strike on Saturday.

Prince Arthur of Connaught has retired from the 2nd Dragoons, states last night's *Gazette*.

Germany's death roll was 1,500,000 killed and 200,000 missing, says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*.
Typhus in Russia—There were 1,536,205 typhus victims in Russia in the past year, says a Bolshevik report.

Phantom Sinn Fein Plot.—Liverpool police authorities deny the statements alleging Sinn Fein plots in the city.

Sir W. P. Pulteney, who commanded the 3rd Corps in France, will probably be the new Black Rod in Parliament.

Cutting away a door, raiders carried off ammunition from the premises of Messrs. Bradde and Son, gunmakers, Belfast.

Fortune in Drapery.—Mr. W. Carnelley, for mer chairman of Messrs Rylands and Sons Limited, Manchester, has been paid, of which £51,727 death duties will be paid.



Prof. E. Wallis Budge.



Sir H. Birchenough.



Sir H. J. Mackinder.



Sir C. Stowe.

In the New Year's Honours List. See story on page 3.

NEW YEAR HONOURS ONE NEW EARL AND 3 BARONS

Viscount Middleton's Step—Sir B. Dawson, Sir A. Stanley and Sir G. Riddell Peers.

WHY MR. WALTON REFUSED KNIGHTHOOD.

An earldom for Viscount Middleton and baronies for Sir Bertrand Dawson, the famous physician; Sir George Riddell, the newspaper proprietor, and Sir Albert Stanley, the late President of the Board of Trade, are announced in the New Year's Honours list this morning.

There are in all one hundred and eleven awards, and a very considerable number of these are for war services. Here is the list in brief:

Earl	1	Knights	37
Barons	3	Order of the Bath	41
Privy Counsellors	7	Baronets	19

Mr. Sydney Walton has declined a knighthood on the ground that work for the nation in time of stress is itself a distinction and a reward.

JOURNALISM, COMMERCE AND MEDICINE.

Services of New Peers—Honours for Government Whips.

PEACE CONFERENCE AWARD.

The main features of the New Year's honours list are as follow:—

EARL (1).

The Right Hon. St. John Brodrick, Viscount Middleton.

BARONS (3).

Sir Bertrand Ed. Dawson, G.C.V.O., C.B., M.D., F.R.C.P., Physician, London Hospital; Physician in Ordinary to the King; Chairman, Consultative Council on Medical and Allied Services, Ministry of Health. Consulting Physician, British Expeditionary Force in France during the war.

Sir George A. Riddell, Bart., newspaper proprietor, vice-chairman Newspaper Proprietors' Association. In charge of all the British and Colonial Press throughout the Conference in Paris.

Sir Albert H. Stanley, M.P., late President of the Board of Trade.

Privy Counsellors.—In addition to Capt. Guest (Government Whip) and Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen, Sir P. Lugard, Hon. L. Sifton (Canadian representative at Peace Conference), Hon. W. A. Watt (Acting Australian Premier), and Hon. Sir W. T. White (Acting Canadian Premier) become Privy Counsellors; the three Irish Privy Counsellors are Mr. S. Cunningham, Lord Killanin and Mr. J. MacMahon.

BARONETS (19).

Sir Henry Birchborough, K.C.M.G., for valuable services rendered to the Ministry of Reconstruction.

Mr. James Buchanan, J.P. for Sussex and Rosshire. High Sheriff in 1910 of Sussex.

Sir William E. Cain, a generous contributor to hospitals and war charities in Liverpool.

Mr. John T. Cargill, chairman Burnish Oil Company.

Mr. Felix Cassel, K.C., Judge Advocate-General.

Mr. Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, vice-chairman of the British-American Tobacco Company.

Sir Arthur T. Dawson, M.L.C.E., M.L.M.E., R.N., for public services in connection with Home Office, War Office and Admiralty.

Mr. Edward M. Edgar, head of firm of Sperling and Co., merchant bankers, Moorgate-street.

Mr. Walter H. Evans, for war work and public and local services.

Sir Thomas W. Holderness, G.C.B., K.C.S.I., Permanent Under-Secretary of State for India.

Mr. John Latta, for public services in connection with Ministry of Shipping.

Sir Samuel H. Lever, K.C.B., Treasury representative at Ministry of Transport.

Mr. Frederick O. Lewis, president of Messrs. Lewis Bros., Ltd., Montreal.

Sir Erik O. Ohlson, Sheriff of Hull, 1918-19.

Right Hon. Sir Henry A. Robinson, C.B., vice-president of Irish Local Government Board.

Lieut.-Col. Robert A. Sanders, M.P., vice-chairman of the National War Aims Committee. A Government whip.

Mr. Arthur Wheeler, for War Loan work.

Mr. David Wilson, D.Sc., for public services in Scotland for thirty-five years.

Colonel John R. Wright, D.L., Glamorganshire.

KNIGHTS (37).

M.P.s.—Mr. A. F. Bird (war services to discharged soldiers and old-age pensioners); Mr. A. Cecil T. Beck (Ministry of National Service); Mr. Halford J. Mackinder; Mr. Thomas Robinson (public and local services).

Doctors.—Dr. Josiah Court (consulting surgeon to Derbyshire Miners' Union); Dr. H. J. Gwynn (for services to crippled).

Mayors and ex-Mayors.—Mr. William Carter (Windsor), Mr. Harry Cartmell (Preston), Mr. Edwin W. T. Farley (Dover), Alderman John Fitzgerald (Lord Mayor of Newcastle, 1918-19), Mr. W. V. S. Gradwell-Goodwin (Newcastle-under-Lyme), Mr. J. Macklin (Salisbury), Major David H. Morgan (Tenby), Alderman H. J. Drmond (Stoke Newington), Mr. Leonard B. Rowland (Wrexham), Alderman Charles Stone (Greenwich), Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Wayland (Deptford).

Deputy Lieutenants.—Alderman A. Beattie (Edinburgh) and Colonel J. P. Reynolds, D.S.O. (Leicester).

Professors.—Mr. E. A. W. Budge (Egyptian and Assyrian Department, British Museum) and Prof. A. Schuster (late secretary of Royal Society).

Government Officials.—Mr. Francis N. Greer, C.B., K.C. (Irish Parliamentary Draughtsman); Mr. Philip H. Henson (Director-General of Contracts); Mr. Francis G. Ogilvie, C.B. (Assistant Controller in Trench Warfare Research Department); Mr. Hugh Malcolm Robinson, C.B., I.S.O. (Chief Inspector of Factories).

For Public Work.—Mr. Samuel Chapman (Perthshire Prisoners of War Fund); Colonel William A. Churchman (work in connection with the Ministry of Munitions Explosives Department); Mr. Norris T. Foster (the Prince of Wales's Fund); Mr. George J. Fowler (Chief Inspector for Kingston for thirty years); Mr. Robert N. Kay (Sheriff of York, 1914-15); Mr. James Kennel, F.R.S., Edinburgh (services in connection with the manufacture of munitions); Mr. George W. Needham (Oldham); Mr. Thomas Neill, J.P. (Chairman of the Ministry of Health Consultative Council on Health Insurance Approved Societies).

Knighthoods have also been conferred on Mr. Thomas Jaffrey, J.P. (Actuary of Aberdeen Savings Bank); Mr. J. R. Thursfield, M.A. (Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford); Mr. Alfred G. Temple, F.S.A. (Director of Guildhall Gallery for thirty-two years); and Major Neville R. Wilkinson, C.V.O. (Claret King-of-Arms).

The G.C.B. has gone to Sir J. S. Bradbury, Sir D. Harrel and Sir James R. Rodd; the K.C.B. to Mr. G. L. Barstow, Mr. R. B. Cubitt, Sir Claud Schuster and Sir R. T. Glazebrook.

Mr. C. G. John, the Royal Warrant magnate, receives the K.C.M.G. for work in connection with South African hospitals and troops, and Sir Eyre Crowe, Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the G.O.M.G.

In an additional Honours list Mr. R. Taylor (John Taylor and Sons, London) receives a knighthood and Sir H. Brooks Marshall receives the K.C.V.O. Among lady recipients of the C.B.E. is Lucy Bertram, Lady Markham.

KNIGHTHOOD DECLINED.

Mr. Sydney Walton: "Work for Country Is Itself a Prize and Reward."

Mr. Sydney Walton, Director of Publicity for the last Victory Loan, has sent the following letter to Mr. Lloyd George:—

Dear Prime Minister,—I could not without feelings of pride and pleasure receive your letter of the 23rd, wherein you tell me "that the King has been pleased to approve that the honour of knighthood be conferred" upon the present writer.

It is not that I am insensitive to this prized distinction that I ask that His Majesty may graciously allow my name to be withdrawn from the New Year's list of honours.

The opportunity of doing work for the State in hours of shadow and stress has in itself been a distinction and reward. I feel that I am simply one of a great multitude who must rejoice when they can serve their country the best of their lights and to the utmost of their powers, esteeming this privilege as indeed a prize.

To perpetuate a community of service, which is a legacy of the late years, is a national ideal which appeals to me so deeply that I am sure my Majesty will not misunderstand a reluctance not to be removed and estranged from my fellows in pursuit of it, even by so much as an honoured prefix.



Sir J. S. Bradbury.



Mr. Sydney Walton, who has written the Premier for the withdrawal of his name from the list of New Year's Knights.



M. Dupuy, who died yesterday, bought the *Petit Parisien* when the circulation was 100,000; it is now 3,500,000.

R.A.F. GIRL'S GRIM SECRET OF TWO YEARS.

Inquest Story of Baby's Body Which Was Carried in Suit Case.

An amazing story was told at a Bath inquest last night. At the police court earlier Isabel King, a domestic servant, was remanded on a charge of concealment of birth.

At the inquest it was stated that the remains were discovered in a basket suit-case in the girl's room.

She stated that the child was born dead in September, 1917.

No one knew about the birth, and she had carried the suit-case to various situations for the intervening two years and kept it in her room. She had also served in the R.A.F.

An open verdict was returned.

SIR A. STANLEY'S SEAT.

Sir Walter de Frece as Coalition Candidate—"Miss Vesta Tilley's" Help.

From Our Own Correspondent.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, Wednesday.

The elevation of Sir Albert Stanley to the peerage creates a parliamentary vacancy at Ashton-under-Lyne, where he was elected as an Independent Coalitionist in December, 1918, by a majority of 2,992.

The candidates are Sir Walter de Frece (Co. U.), Sir A. Marshall (Lib.), and Mr. W. C. Robinson (Lab.), and polling is expected to take place between January 17 and 20.

Mr. de Frece, who as "Miss Vesta Tilley" was the "Idol of the Gods," has declared her intention of working for her husband as hard as "I have been accustomed to work all my life."

SHOTS IN HOTEL.

Married Man's Suicide Follows Infatuation for Barmaid—Inquest Story.

The inquest was held yesterday on Charles James Brice, who committed suicide after wounding a barmaid, Miss Amelia Kersey, and the landlady, Mr. M. B. Colver, of the Angel Hotel, Midhurst, on Sunday last.

It was stated that Brice had been on friendly terms with Miss Kersey and had accompanied her on walks and to the cinema.

On Sunday night, after Miss Kersey had gone to bed, Brice asked for her. Shots and screams from Miss Kersey were next heard.

Brice's paybook showed that he was married, his wife residing in Ohio.

SEINE RISES—FERRYBOAT SINKS.

The rise of the Seine is more disquieting. It has risen 2ft. in the twenty-four hours, says a Reuter Paris message. The water now reaches to the knees of the stone Zouave on the Alma Bridge.

A ferryboat at Mantes sank and seven out of eleven persons were drowned.

LITVINOFF'S PEACE IDEA.

The Social Demokraten (Copenhagen) pub. lishes an interview with M. Litvinoff, who is reported as saying: "Peace is coming more quickly than is generally believed. Look at the giant advances of the Red Army. During the last few months we have recaptured everything Denikin won by his big rush on Moscow."



Sir N. Wilkinson.



Sir A. T. Dawson.

MOTOR BANDIT GANG CAUGHT REDHANDED.

Detectives Pounce After 3-Minutes' Robbery.

FIVE MEN CAPTURED.

As a sequel to a daring and skilful attempted burglary at a Poland-street warehouse early yesterday, West London detectives believe that they are on the point of unravelling the mystery surrounding the gang of motor-bandits that is believed to have been concerned in the innumerable cloth robberies of the past few months.

Particularly clever work on the part of Detective-Sergeant Hawkins, with the assistance of six other detectives, has resulted in the arrest of five members of a gang of seven that entered the premises of Messrs. Bass, Walker and Co., woollen merchants, of 2, Argyl-street, London. The warehouse—the export department—is situated at 55, Poland-street, and Messrs. Bass, Walker, on these premises, carry a very large stock of fine cloth valued at anything from £40,000 to £50,000.

CONCEALED DETECTIVES.

"The police," a representative of the firm told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "had reason to believe that an attempt was contemplated."

Detectives were concealed in such a manner that they could watch the door, and at about 6.45 this morning the gang arrived with a motor-car and a horse-drawn cart.

The outer door was quickly forced open, and a heavy five-inch brass padlock was wrenched off the steel bars of the inner door as though it had been a piece of cheese. The instrument used by them was a large steel wrench, and within ten seconds (the time recorded by the concealed detective of starting on the job they were entering the premises).

"In three minutes from starting they were already bringing expensive rolls of cloth, worth from £30 to £50 each, out of the warehouse. They had rolled five rolls into one of the vans when the seven detectives made towards them."

"In the confusion two members of the party escaped to the Piccadilly Tube and had disappeared before they could be recaptured."

The five other prisoners, with the motor-car, the horse-drawn vehicle and the implements employed, were at once taken into custody.

MOULDERS' SETTLEMENT?

Hope That To-morrow's Parley Will End Strike—Railway Terms "Surprise."

Negotiations between masters and men in the iron moulders' strike will be resumed to-morrow. This morning captured a conference at the Ministry of Labour yesterday in which Sir Robert Horne took a prominent part.

Mr. Thomas said the West Bromwich unions had decided to settle the local dispute, and he hoped to-morrow's negotiations would end the national strike.

Railway Wages.—Mr. Thomas stated in an interview yesterday that the Government would issue on Sunday the terms offered to the railwaymen; they would be a surprise.

Post Office Unrest.—The Union of Post Office Workers demand that the postmaster-General should raise the wages of its 100,000 members to pre-war spending value, and grant a further increase of 10s. a year to enable them to raise their standard of living.

1,000 insurance agents will hold a meeting at Hull to-night.

"IN THE NIGHT."

Produced at the Kingsway Theatre last night, "In the Night," adapted from the French, is a delightful melodramatic thrill, which grips the interest from first to last.

The acting was as good as the reception. Mr. Alfred Drayton gave a remarkable performance as a French prosecuting magistrate, who is also a husband, and Miss Jessie Winter endowed the part of Pauline Levardier with beauty and grace. Miss Winter gives hope of great things to come.

BILL THAT AFFECTS 11,750,000.

The text of the Unemployment Insurance Bill, issued last night, affects substantially the whole employed population between the ages of sixteen and seventy—11,750,000 workpeople.

Men will pay 3d. (15s. a week benefit), women 2d. (12s. a week benefit), boys 2d. (7s. 6d. per week benefit), girls 1d. (6s. a week benefit), employers like amounts in each case and the State one-third of the total contributions. Only fifteen weeks' benefit may be drawn in an insurance year.

BRITAIN'S REVENUE BETTER.

The nation's revenue from April 1 to December 31, 1919, was £896,251,704, or £187,085,000 more than in the same period in 1918. Expenditure chargeable against revenue for 1919 was £312,580,718 as compared with £2,049,993,609 in 1918.

GIRLS AS PIONEERS IN INDUSTRY.

MANY NEW WAYS TO EARN A LIVING.

By ALISON DE FROIDEVILLE.

This thoughtful article, of paramount importance to all members of the fair sex, throws light on the opening of new careers to women.

UNEMPLOYMENT strikes at men more than at women, not so much because they are weighed down with family responsibilities as because they are less adaptable and turn to new professions less keenly.

The demobilised girls are reviving and inventing new trades where they find their old careers overcrowded.

The old idea that women became school-teachers, typists, shop assistants, domestic servants and that there the list ended is laughed at by girls who venture into horse-breeding, dentistry and insurance agency work.

One occupation by which women who have never before earned are now making a living in London is that of clock-dial making. This work, until recently done by Germany and Switzerland for the English market, was of old a paying English occupation. Now enamel dials of the finest character are made in the ladies' workshop. The very finest of watch figures are cut out and filled in with enamel under a magnifying glass.

In a certain London street is a pottery where china tiles are made in heraldic and old designs equal to the Dutch tiles which fetch large sums at sales. That is a woman-run pottery.

CARVING AND WEAVING.

The cleaning and repairing of old lace and old tapestries forms an occupation which is found very pleasant and profitable by women who are not very strong. White velvet and blue-lined cases hold the delicate laces which come to be repaired or reshaped.

The making of canework chairs, tables, trays, workbaskets and so forth is work at which not only a large number of women weavers are employed, but also artists who plan the shapes and colour schemes.

Carving laurel wreaths for the graves of the fallen keeps one group of clever-fingered girls busy. Later they mean to turn their energies to electric light fittings and carved garlands to decorate rooms in new mansions.

Hand weaving, with its allied art of vegetable dying, is an industry which is steadily growing. Like so many delightful and artistic industries, it is too much pursued by women who indignantly repudiate the idea of selling to shops. This is true of lace workers, linen embroiderers, jewellers and leather workers also, many of whom could turn tiny industries into a country trade employing hundreds of women, did they not shy at the idea of "shop."

Illuminating war memorial books and diaries and rolls of honour give employment to a very large number of women artists.

NO LONGER LIEUTENANTS.

The care of private libraries, cataloguing and discovering old manuscripts is a pleasant work for the "booky" woman who does not want to lead a strenuous life.

Perhaps the girl who makes most money is the one who is clever with her hands.

Whatever the craze of the moment is, she senses it first, learns the art, and offers her wares to the most go-ahead shops in London.

Insurance work promises great developments. Formerly insurance companies, fearing the risks of maternity, were not anxious, often not willing, to insure women.

Now, realising how very small is such risk, they are doing their best to develop the woman's side of insurance, only to find that there is strong prejudice against it.

To combat that prejudice a woman is needed who can appreciate how and why it grew up. For children's policies and deferred annuities to guard against middle-age unemployment women agents are the surest in getting good results.

So it goes on, the long list of occupations, new and old, hard and pleasant. Many are revived, but many are new. The common point in all is the pioneer instinct.

Women prefer to run their own industry, take their risks and gains rather than be dependent on the foresight, energy and capability of someone else.

So far women have acted almost always as lieutenants. Private secretaries help someone else to accomplish his object. Teachers train someone else's brains. Shop assistants sell someone else's goods in someone else's way. Domestic workers run someone else's houses.

Here is a new kind of woman worker using her own brains in her own way to produce her own results.

WISHING THEM A MISERABLE NEW YEAR

DISMAL FOLK WHO DON'T WANT A HAPPY 1920.

By JAMES CLIFFORD.

WHEN men wish me a happy New Year I don't get annoyed about it. I take it in perfectly good part. I smile and wish them many of them.

I'm not offensive about it. I don't suggest it's more than they deserve, whatever I may think. I'd even wish the income tax collector a happy New Year if I knew him by sight. I don't suppose he means half the bitter things he says to me on paper.

But I do get bored with the lads who take my cheerful wishes as a personal insult. If they don't want a happy New Year I do, and I don't see why I should be snarled at about it.

I met a fellow at lunch time yesterday whose name ought to be Job or Jeremiah. He wasn't for having a happy New Year at all. He'd made up his mind about it; the year was going to be rotten.

I just made the remark to him in my cheery way and he flew at me, so to speak. He said people like me made him sick, that I was the twentieth idiot that had made the same asinine remark.

I said that was all right; he'd feel better after a night's sleep; but he wouldn't have it. He said were we all mad. I said not all and what was the trouble.

He told me such a lot of trouble that I began to wish the war was back again.

As far as I remember the famine begins about Tuesday week, the general strike a fortnight later, and then the Bank of England breaks, the nation goes bankrupt and the influenza epidemic starts.

I'd got really scared before he'd got me as far as Easter.

After that I thought I'd be careful about the people I wished happy New Years to. You have to be when people take it to heart so.

There was another man who seemed quite

safe; I thought I might risk it with him, but he really didn't appreciate it.

He took it more as a joke though. He said would I have a little drink.

I said, since it was New Year's Eve, I'd break my usual custom. He said yes I'd better. I shouldn't have many more chances. He'd worked out a bright New Year too; he'd got Pussfoot in control about the middle of June, and England dry by Michaelmas.

Later I met a man who wanted to know if I thought anyone could be happy with taxes going up to fifteen shillings in the pound. He said, of course, as I was a rich man it might be all right for me, but for his part he was going to poison the family and drown himself.

I said I thought he took an unduly gloomy view of the situation, but he thought I was wrong.

Then there was the man with the new war. I said: "Happy New Year, old man."

He sighed, said indeed he hoped so, but it would probably be the last either he or I would ever see. He'd fixed up no end of a war before I could get away, and I think he had us both killed in the first week. We were to be gassed by a new process.

But as he said, we might be grateful for that, since we should escape the war's real horrors.

Well, frankly, I was getting to the state when I dreaded midnight for fear it should all start at once.

I don't see why a man should be made miserable by all these imitation Old Moores. What do they want me to do? You can't go round telling your friends you hope they're in for a thoroughly miserable twelve months. They'd probably never speak to you again.

Yet, perhaps that wouldn't be a bad thing with some of them. I think I shall try it this morning in my cheeriest manner.

I know at least two men whom I can honestly greet with "Morning, old bean, I wish you a really rotten New Year and many of 'em."



AT THE ZOO.—This inquisitive squirrel is making a careful examination of the latest fashions in winter clothes.

WOMEN'S CARS FOR ALL COMPLEXIONS.

THE FASHIONABLE LITTLE "TWO-SEATER."

By CAPTAIN P. A. BARRON.

AN exquisitely finished light car stood outside one of the big vanity fairs in Oxford-street yesterday afternoon. The coachwork was of a delicate French grey, and the interior of the little coupé looked so dainty and inviting that many shoppers stopped to glance inside.

On the dashboard in front of the driver's seat was fixed a small vanity box made of tortoise-shell with an inlaid design in silver. In front of the passenger's seat was a match-box in the same style.

Presently the owners left the locale of lace and lingerie. One of them was wearing furs that exactly matched the car; the other wore, in addition to other items, a gold-rimmed eyeglass. The latter carried himself well and some parcels rather awkwardly.

The owner of the grey furs seated herself at the driver's wheel of the car, opposite the vanity box; he of the eyeglass sat in the passenger's seat facing the tortoise-shell match-box.

Grey furs touched a switch that lit the electric lamps, pressed a pedal that caused the electric self-starter to set the engine in motion, and the little car, pretty enough for Cinderella at a pantomime, zig-zagged through the traffic.

Is it the fashion to-day for women to work and men to sleep—opposite tortoise-shell match-boxes inlaid with silver?

One would certainly gather that impression during a walk through the more fashionable quarters of London. Watch in the West End any day of the week and you will see hundreds of scenes similar to the one just described.

The motor manufacturers have certainly recognised that women can drive cars as well as bargains. This explains the fact that the most popular motors of to-day are the comparatively cheap light cars that cost between £300 and £400, and the majority of which are fitted with self-starters, which save women drivers the unpleasant task of cranking the engines with handles.

Not only are the 1920 light cars easy to manage; they are so pretty that the owners immediately desire to be photographed in them. They are becoming. Fastidious purchasers like the coachwork to be finished in colours that suit them.

Never before have the requirements of women drivers received so much consideration. The modern light car is sold at a very moderate price, is cheap to run (as it will travel about forty miles on three shillings' worth of petrol) and is very easily handled.

As to the cleanliness of the modern light car, it is enough to point out that one may see women in evening dress driving through London. They took the helm in war time and they have not the least intention of giving it up.

WHAT THEY RESOLVED.

PLANS AND PROMISES MADE BY OUR READERS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

ECONOMY.

SURELY your long campaign against waste has given us who are your regular readers a clue for the New Year?

Save money. It's the resolution best suited to the moment. And it is at once profitable and patriotic. Elvaston-place, S.W. P. M. C.

NOT "TOO MUCH."

HERE is a tip suited to the advice in Mr. Whyte's article.

Resolve not to smoke "too much"! What is "too much"? There you are! It is an elastic resolution. Make it and you won't disappoint yourself. Holland Park, W. Nor Heroic.

DON'T!

DON'T make good resolutions at all! One can do better without them.

Further, don't fix only upon the New Year in the effort to improve. It is apt to make the rest of the year a slack time! Regent's Park-road, N.W. OXONIEN.

PANTOMIMES.

I BELIEVE children would like an extension of the old knockabout farce that used to follow the pantomime.

Joey and the Harlequin are old friends and the Policeman they knock down is another. Extend the "transformation scene" and give us less of the more elaborate show. A. M. Wimbledon.

IS DANCING A LOST ART.

TOO terribly true! In a private ball-room the other day I became an unwilling witness to such gymnastic stunts as I have never seen. I thanked Heaven for my own lameness, which usually enables me tactfully to shun these antics. I shuddered to think that any woman might be called on to perform them.

I find that nowadays no dance can be a success without them and their accompanying squad of negroid (sometimes intoxicated) cymbal-clashers.

Where are the old graceful days of the waltz—the old, wholesome melodies of a civilised string band? Even the so-called respectable dancing floors of London have no room for them.

Of the public dances I prefer not to speak. HAWKE JOHNSON.

LET us compare modern steps with old-fashioned ones.

Can one call a polka elegant? This is the kind of dancing which existed a few years ago.

Now that such things as the Fox Trot and the Hesitation Waltz have come in, it seems to me that the grace and elegance in these steps are obvious. M. J. F.

SHAVE EARLY!

THE letter of "H. R." relative to clean-shaven clerks induces me to ask, "How many clerks make their mutual appearance at the office clean-shaven?"

I have noticed in many offices that hirsuteness of countenance is pretty general in the mornings, and the particular offenders in this respect are emphatically the married men.

I will not go so far as to say that marriage makes a man negligent in the matter of his tonsorial operations; at the same time, I would like to be informed how it is that married men rarely appear "clean-shaven" before the afternoon! E. W. R.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Save Dartmoor!—It is absolutely incredible that we are going to allow Dartmoor to be ruined! If we do so, we shall be worse than the Huns. They at least destroyed what didn't belong to them. We shall have ruined our own most precious possession.—A LOVER OF THE MOOR.

Clean-shaven Clerks.—"H. R." must be thinking of fifty years ago when he talks of clerks with "whiskers." Whiskers disappeared in Queen Victoria's reign. Now men are either clean shaven or wear moustaches or beards.—BARRE.

Christmas Drunkenness.—It is all very well to deny it, but undoubtedly drunkenness does increase at this season. That is because the religious idea is lost in the ideal that we all ought to "have a good time." And some people mean by that—drink!—Not a Pussfoot.

Premiums.—It is the premiums asked for houses that are the scandal of this time, not the sale price or the rent. What authority or precedent is there for these heavy premiums?—HOUSE HUNTER.

NEW YEAR.

Nineteen-twenty will you be
Full of rue and pain to me.
Like the years of yesterday?
Or, in gentler happy mood,
Will you bring me things good—
Let my soul make holiday?

Nineteen-twenty shall I rue
Ever having met with you?
Weep from dawn to set of sun?
Lead, I pray, in friendly guise,
Lead me 'neath serene skies,
Safe to nineteen-twenty-one!

—MABEL LEIGH.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Nor can man exist, but by brotherhood.—William Blake.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1920.

THE BEST NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

ONE reads that the Rome authorities have prohibited New Year celebrations, and ordered cafés to be closed at midnight. "This action has been taken to prevent disorders owing to the threatening mood of the people."

In Paris, meanwhile, the "people" are far from contented.

There, the hatred of class for class is said to have been exasperated by the cost of living and that high taxation, both direct and indirect, which no dream of "Germany paying for the war" can hope to avert, for conquerors as for conquered. The "little nations" are also in a belligerent mood. Russia's civil war looks like dragging on over 1920.

For ourselves, there are strikes actual, strikes prospective, strikes possible and probable. And there's Ireland. Modern humanity has evidently made up its mind as to the most Christian method of welcoming a New Year. It is not "love one another," but "fight one another all you can."

On the good side, let us hasten to set the "new efforts" to settle the disastrously prolonged strike of moulders. Let us also not forget to record that the Transport Workers have decided to submit to inquiry on the dockers' minimum wage claim.

In spite of these alleviations, the New Year Resolution best suited to this New Year would be this: "We will not quarrel so much. We will stand together."

That determination would involve others. We should have then to realise that all can unite, and can remain united, only by all giving up much of what all at present grasp and cleave to with such a firm sense of eternal possession and right. There would be a lot of giving up!

Also, there would be a conviction that the things or habits thus cast away would return after not so very many days in added efficiency and prosperity: society no longer being viewed as a state of war between component atoms, but as an organism that goes sick if its body be in conflict with itself. Undoubtedly this decision to agree, instead of to divide, would draw with it a really "new" period.

As it is, most Governments hardly dared to permit celebrations at all last night. They were afraid of the row. They realised, poor old worldly things, that, when we resolve in these times, we resolve, not to improve ourselves, but to get the most we can out of somebody else by fighting him.

Mr. Lloyd George has recently made the remark—man is the most pugnacious of animals!

HUSTLE.

SEVERAL of our readers complain of the manner in which they are hustled, in accordance with the new regulations on the Underground.

These are, however, not particularly new. Ever since the "dear old" Victorian steam trains departed, there has been a more or less violent effort to lash the public into speed. And the public won't. The public won't move quickly.

There is no doubt such a thing as the herd-soul, or collective impulse.

But there's also, and predominantly, the egoistic individual.

Having once secured our place, we cease to bother about others. We stop dead; we make all the others stop dead; at the beginning of every crowd, in every train, there are one or two who won't move up.

If only the leading persons in the world, as in the train, would consent to move up or on—why then what a hustle the world would be in! There would then be no need for paid and professional hustlers; or agitators; or revolutionaries.

W. M.



Mrs. Eric Benson, daughter-in-law of Sir Frank Benson, is a new recruit to the cinema.



The Hon. Mrs. Tryon, wife of Major Tryon, who has been appointed to the Air Secretaryship.

THE HONOURS.

Downing-street and Labour Quarrels—The Consumer Pays in the End.

THE New Year's honours are not particularly exciting. Lord Middleton, famous as the inventor of the "Brodrick cap," is made an earl. This is rather the irony of Fate, for he, as Mr. St. John Brodrick, was one of the "eldest sons," who, as M.P.s, wished to make it legal for a peer to choose which House he would sit in. Peerages for Sir

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Wages and Exports.

The advice of the French Minister of Finance, who urges his countrymen to buy German goods because British prices are too high, echoes a cry which is rising from our customers all over the world.

Goods and Prices.

A famous manufacturer said to me: "If you pile up wages until your goods can only be sold at prohibitive prices your industry dies; and that is what is happening."

1920.

Most people are looking forward to the coming year with mixed feelings. In these strange times one is prepared for anything. However, the old wish: "A happy and prosperous New Year" still stands.

Cold Snap Coming.

The weather of late has been ideal from the point of view of a mangold-wurzel; but I have

Wet Wales.

It is a pity that Mr. Lloyd George's holiday has been partly spoiled by the insistent down-pour. The mountains and sea have gathered moisture which has come down "in buckets." The mornings now and then have given promise of a fine day, which, however, has been belied by noon. Mr. Lloyd George may be back on Saturday. But it is just as likely it will be Monday before Downing-street sees him.

Pick Your Pan.

Which do you think looks most like the great god Pan, Mr. Gerald du Maurier or Mr. Leslie Henson? Because they are both going to the Covent Garden masked ball for Barts on January 15 disguised as the pagan deity. It now only remains for Mr. Walter Catlett to give an American impression of the god with the pipes.

Are We Bashful?

Mme. Amy Sherwin tells me that she is founding a scholarship to provide a musical training for poor but ambitious youths and maidens. Incidentally, Mme. Sherwin, who is an Australian, thinks that we folks at home are too bashful.

National Traits.

This opens up an interesting psychological question. Do we strike overseas visitors as bashful? And is that the reason of what some people take for "British coldness"?

Twice Daily.

A man experienced in theatrical matters is sure that the West End theatre managers who decided to have daily matinees through the holidays are rather sorry. Audiences have been scanty, even at some of the boasted successes.

The Future.

Miss Peggy Primrose tells me that "A Dear Little Lady" will fade away from the St. Martin's on Saturday. Miss Primrose's next venture will be in the nature of an experiment, an interesting engagement having been made for it.

A Quiet Wedding.

St. George's, Hanover-square, will to-day see a more than usually interesting wedding, all weddings being of interest to the two people chiefly concerned. Mr. Leonard Henslow, a well-known journalist, is marrying a Circassian lady, Mrs. Sonia Pollard. The bride's father was a prominent Russian officer, Major Ivan Churov.

Bare Backs.

Leading Parisian dressmakers are grieved at being thought responsible for the short-skirted backless gown. "It came from the United States," they protest. "The American stage originated bare legs and backless gowns. Now the Parisienne goes without stockings because they are scarce and dear, they are blamed."

An Unkind Thrust.

Artists are apt to be malicious in their comments on the work of brother artists. Even the greatest do not always escape the thrusts of caustic wit. Of one of them, who shall be nameless, I have heard it said that just before the war his work looked like the outside of a chocolate box—and now it looks like the inside!

Peter Pan House.

I do not suppose many people are aware that there is a "Peter Pan House" in London, and that, so far as I can judge, it is the nearest residence to Sir George Frampton's statue in Kensington Gardens. I find that I have been

OUR NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS: 1919-1920.



Our annual good resolutions are apt to crumple up and burst like a child's balloon. But what does it matter? Like children, we always feel certain that the new ones are going to last for ever.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

George Riddell, Sir Albert Stanley and Sir Bertrand Dawson caused no surprise.

Doctor Peab.

Sir Bertrand Dawson will be the first practising physician to sit in the House of Lords. As he knows all about public health problems, he will be a useful member of the Gilded Chamber.

Labour and Downing-street.

Mr. Lloyd George will only intervene in the moulders' strike if Sir Robert Horne asks him. Downing-street is getting weary of Labour insisting on seeing the Prime Minister every time it gets its back up. The claim so to do, however, throws a strong light on the way in which Labour views its own petty squabbles and matters of high policy.

Premier for Paris.

Mr. Lloyd George will probably stay in Paris for a week—or even two. He is anxious to clear up all outstanding matters in connection with Peace without any undue delay.

not noticed any queues outside the places where they sell skates. Yet if you dream of skating buy without delay, for the experts say there is a cold snap coming which will bring crowds surging round the skate shops.

Lenin Wants to Come Here!

I hear Lenin stated recently that if he were only allowed to come to England the Bolshevik question would be settled by himself and Mr. Lloyd George within five minutes of the two men meeting.

What Trotsky Thinks.

Lenin attempted to impress his point of view upon Trotsky, but his comrade in bloodiness intimated that there was "nothing doing." Trotsky has not the faith in Bolshevism's ultimate success that Lenin has.

For New York.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Sacred and Profane Love" will soon be seen in New York. The astute Mr. David Belasco has got the American rights.



Miss Marjorie Dolman singing in "The Red Mill," at the Empire Theatre.



Mrs. George Earle, interested in the children's dance in aid of the Waifs and Strays.

passing it almost every day for a year past. It is a quaint little dwelling at a corner in Lancaster Gate.

THE RAMBLER.

A LADY DANIEL IN A LION'S DEN.



Miss Eleonora D'az d'Avejuelles, the well-known danseuse, danced in a lion's cage at Olympia. The lion, unfortunately, was not in the best of tempers, but the photographs were secured of the performance. This is one of them.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



THE FILM QUEEN.—A charming scene from "Daddy Long Legs," the picture play depicting Miss Mary Pickford, the world-renowned cinema star, fishing in a lake.



FOR CHARITY.—Lady Mainwaring is organising a performance at the Aeolian Hall for the benefit of the Red Cross.



VISIT.—Very Rev. Dr. Sears, Dean of Rochester, who is to visit his son, the Governor of Vermont, before very long.

SOME SURVIVORS.



A few hundred or so of flies which have escaped the sexton's broom in the clock chamber of the Beaconsfield parish church clock tower. These flies are safe, it seems, "in the winter-time."

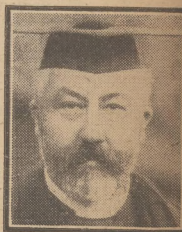


NEW YEAR'S DANCE.—Master John Blomfield (Pierrot) and Miss Eileen Bakoslov (Miss Powder Puff) at a children's fancy dress ball which was held recently at Ciro's Club, Brighton.

BACK TO T



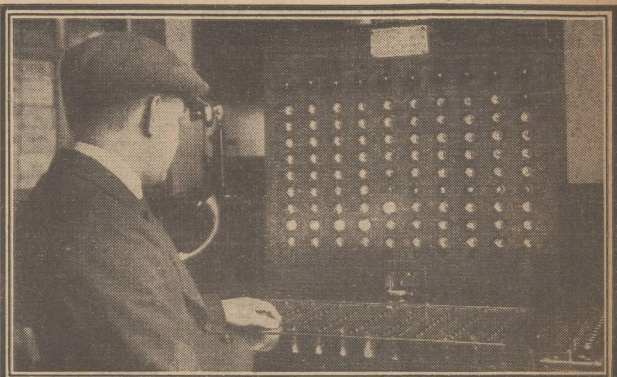
Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who danced at the New Theatre comedy, entitled "Mr. Pin," big success in.



RECTOR.—Dr. Upcott, recently headmaster of Christ's Hospital, who is to be rector of Brighton, Sussex, early in the new year.



REVIVING A LOST ART.—There are people still alive who can remember the time when bricklaying was quite a common occupation. These men are bricklayers, and the rectangular objects are bricks. This explanation seems to be necessary in 1920.



OPERATING FROM A DISTANCE.—In the Army building at Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, U.S.A., there has been installed a system with which ninety freight elevators are controlled by but nine operators who work at a distant desk.

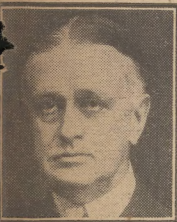
THE STAGE REPAIRING THE WIRE



Repairing the telegraph wire in the Khyber Pass. In some sections of the Pass the lines are cut every night by tribesmen. The utmost vigilance has to be maintained.



PARIS FLOODS.—There are severe floods in Paris just now. This Zouave is seen at his post by the Alma Bridge. His feet, as will be seen, are deep in water, but he sticks manfully to his post.

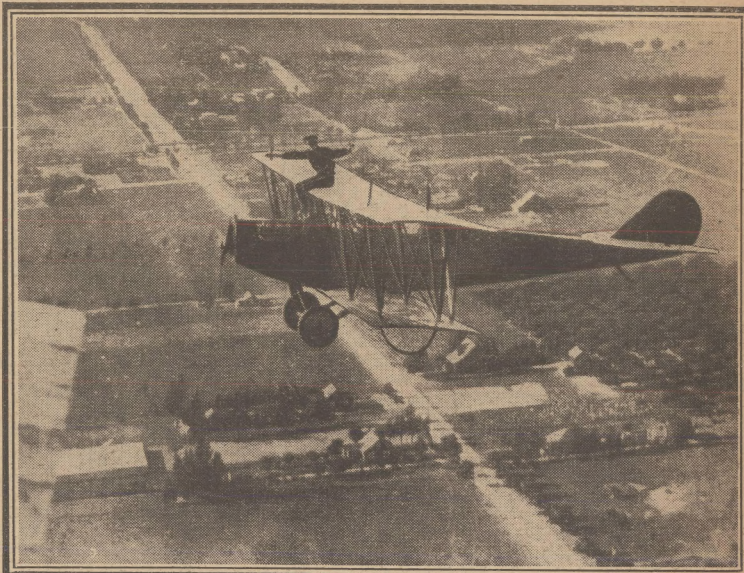


IN STRAND.—Mr. Irving "B" Bush, the great American manufacturer, is about to erect a large building in the Strand for British traders with America.



FOR HOSPITAL CHILDREN.—A New Year's entertainment for hospital children was given by the nurses of the Prince of Wales Hospital, Tottenham, to out-patients and their children. The tiny tots enjoying their tea party.

A DARING "STUNT" IN MID-AIR.



This photograph illustrates a daring feat executed on an aeroplane. The pilot, having left his "joy stick" and climbed on to the upper wing of the aeroplane, remained there for some time while his machine continued its course. The photograph was taken by a pilot on the accompanying aeroplane.



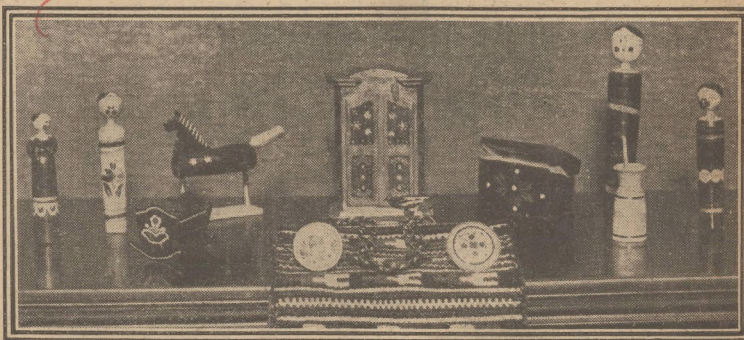
TO WED.—Hon. Dorothy Emmott, daughter of Lord Emmott, who, it is announced, will marry Capt. C. V. Balfour on January 2.



MEDAL.—Mr. Walter Cheale, a Cardiff ex-soldier, has been awarded Albert Medal for rescuing Earl from fire.



THE DUKE'S HOLIDAY.—The Duke of Connaught has gone to the South of France to recuperate, as he is in indifferent health. The photograph shows his Royal Highness arriving at Cannes on December 28.



PEASANTS' TOYS FROM MORAVIA.—Toys made by the peasants of Moravia, a province of the late Austrian Empire. None of these toys costs over a fifth of a penny, and it is thought that their introduction into England would be a blow for the German toy trade with this country.

MAGNIFICENT HAIR-GROWTH FREE.

VICTORIA PALACE. To-day and Daily, at 2
WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

From this imposing building at 20/26, Lamb's Conduit street, thousands of Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits (with instructions) are being sent out. If you have not yet received one, cut out and send the following Coupon, and you will have the packet delivered at your address post free.

"THE Salisbury" Dance Hall, outside Queen's Park (Bakerloo).—Monday, Wed, Thurs, 2s.; Sats, 3s.
Harris' Jazz Quadrille Band.

A FEW HOMELY HINTS ON BEAUTY

By MIMOSA.

Every woman should take pride in her personal appearance. If it is not possible to be beautiful in the fullest sense of the word, at least you can have the attractiveness of a pleasant expression, glossy, well-kept hair, eyes shaded by long lashes, well-marked eyebrows and a clear natural complexion. My first advice is to avoid most manufactured "beauty preparations." Use simple, pure, natural ingredients. Use these regularly, and do not make constant changes and experiments. The various things I use and advise can be bought in original packages from any reliable chemist. If they are not in stock he can at once procure them for you if you insist.

HOW TO DISCARD AN UNSIGHTLY COMPLEXION.—How many women exclaim as they behold their ugly complexion in the mirror, "If I could only tear off this old skin!" and, do you know, it is now possible to do that very thing! Not to actually remove the entire skin all of a sudden; that would be too heroic a method and painful, too, I imagine. The worn-out cuticle comes off in such tiny particles and so gradually—requiring about ten days to complete the transformation—it doesn't hurt a bit. Day by day the beautiful complexion underneath comes forth. Marvellous! No matter how muddy, rough, blotchy or aged your complexion, you can surely discard it by this simple process. Just get some ordinary mercurised wax at your chemist, apply nightly like cold cream, washing it off in the mornings.

NEW PAINLESS WAY TO REMOVE HAIRY GROWTHS.—It now transpires that the mysterious white paste used so successfully by many beauty specialists for ridding the skin of objectionable hairy growths is nothing more than powdered phenol, which can be found in any chemist's shop. With phenol and water make enough paste to cover hairy surface; apply, and in two or three minutes rub off, wash the skin, and it will be free from hair or blemish.

SHAMPOO AND HAIR BEAUTIFIER.—You complain of brittle, faded hair. You will find that keeping the scalp clean and healthy is the most effective way to restore the natural beauty and softness, but in selecting your shampoo avoid soaps or mixtures containing "free" alkali. By dissolving a teaspoonful of staxall in a cup of hot water you will have a mild, soothing, cleansing mixture that makes the head feel fine and removes all dust, dandruff and excess of oil, leaving the scalp clean and pliant, and assuring a beautiful growth of long, lustrous, fluffy hair.

NO POWDER NECESSARY.—Yes, powder has ruined more complexions than it has aided, and while you use it you can hope for nothing better than an imitation of a real complexion. Take my advice. Get from your chemist some ordinary clemite and dissolve in a little water, then you will have an ideal yet inexpensive lotion, which seems a part of the skin. The result lasts all day long even under the most trying conditions. To prepare the face and neck for an evening in a hot ballroom there is nothing to equal this simple and harmless lotion.

IF EYELASHES ARE SHORT.—Eyelashes will be greatly beautified if mennaleine be applied at lash-roots with thumb and forefinger. A few such treatments make them grow long, silky and curly. Thin, straggly eyebrows will grow thick and lustrous by merely rubbing mennaleine on, but be careful, and don't get any where no hair is wanted.

WONDERFUL GROWTH OF HAIR.—Long ago I made a resolution to try and concoct a real hair grower. My own formula, perfected after tedious experimenting, has had the effect of giving me a wealth of hair that is surprising. Obtain from your chemist an original package of boronum and mix with this a pint of bay rum. Rub this into the scalp night and morning with the finger-tips. It sets the hair roots tingling with new life.

FOR PALE FACES.—Some folks are naturally pale, and I see no harm whatever in adding a little colour to the cheeks if so desired. Rouge, however, is always obvious, and to people of refinement somewhat vulgar. There is a substance, however, known as powdered collidum, which gives a perfectly natural colour, and at the same time defies detection. Apply a little with the finger-tips. You will be pleased with the result, I feel sure.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY.—(Adv't.)



HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

A HANDFUL of lavender flowers, a few pieces of orange or lemon-peel and a little boiling water placed in a pretty bowl give a gentle fragrance to the drawing-room.

BLUE PAPER

used as a wrapping for white muslin blouses, linen sheets and white furs will prevent them assuming that unpleasant yellow hue.

NEW STOCKINGS

will last twice as long if they are soaked for ten minutes in hot water well coloured with washing blue before they are worn.

WHITE IVORY

knife handles often become stained and brown. A little emery paper rubbed lightly on the handles will quickly remove unpleasant marks.

OLD LACE CURTAINS

make capital window polishers. Cut in squares and tacked round they should give a good polish to the glass.

MARJORIE.



Nigger tricolette with bands of beige knitted trimmings make pretty this simple afternoon dress with its simply knotted sash bow.



Extremely smart is this cosy toque of variegated plaited braid.



For the golf course nothing could be smarter than this well-tailored costume of brown checked tweed. Her pull-on hat is of nigger felt.



UNCLE DICK'S LETTER.

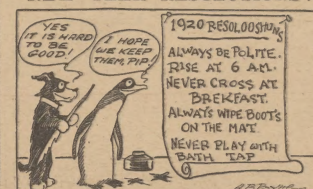
Daily Mirror Office.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

A Happy New Year to you all! When you read this you will no doubt feel very good, trying to keep those New Year resolutions. A little girl I know who resolved to give up jam has already regretted her decision. She will last through breakfast all right, but I am afraid when teatime comes and a nice pot of home-made strawberry is put on the table she will give in. It is no use making frightfully hard resolutions which you can't help breaking the same day. I once resolved to give up my pipe, but—never again.

As you see, Pip and Squeak have made several resolutions, which, of course, start from this morning. Yesterday, at the suggestion of my nephew Christopher, they decided to have one

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS: BUT WILL THEY BE KEPT?



In common with most children, Pip and Squeak have made several New Year resolutions. Yesterday they had one orgy of naughtiness to make up for it.

last day of badness. "We'll be as bad as bad can be to-day, as we start being good to-morrow." That was what they said—I wonder if they will keep to their word? I can promise you all a really "topping" adventure story on Saturday. It is a yarn which

is full of delightful thrills—all the wonders of Central Africa will be revealed to you. Elephant hunting, fights with cannibals, crocodiles—it almost makes you hold your breath with excitement, doesn't it?

Yours affectionately,
Uncle Dick.

LEAP YEAR.

"LEAP Year coming once in four, February Of course, you have all heard this little rhyme before, and probably most of you know that 1920 is a Leap Year. But I wonder how many of you know the story of poor old February.

It was one of the last months to be founded, and has always been the unlucky one. Originally it had twenty-nine days, but the Roman Emperor Augustus decided that his month, August, must have thirty-one days, and so February, which seems to have had no one to look after it, had to give up a day.

Every fourth year, however, there is an extra day, which is given to February. There are many strange customs and legends connected with Leap Year, and many people look upon it as a time of good fortune.

A. C.

NEW YEAR POSERS.

Why is a watch like a river?—Because it never runs long without winding.

When may a butcher be said to rob himself?—When he steals (steals) his own knives.

Why are fowls fashionable birds?—Because they appear dressed for dinner.

What has a tongue but cannot speak?—A boot.



What is the best thing to put into a mince pie?—Teeth.

What is that which is always behind time?—The back of a watch.

When does a horse weigh the most?—When it is led (lead).

HOW TO STOP HEAD NOISES.

Good Advice for Those Who Fear Deafness.

People who are growing hard of hearing, and who experience a stuffy feeling of pressure against their ear drums, accompanied by humming, rumbling sounds in their head, like water falling or steam escaping, should take prompt and effective measures to stop this trouble. Head-noises are almost invariably the forerunners of complete or partial deafness, and most deaf people suffer from them constantly. Sometimes these head-noises become so distracting and nerve racking with their never-ceasing "hum" that they drive the sufferer almost frantic, and complete nervous breakdown is invariably the result.

Thanks to a remarkable scientific discovery made recently, it is now possible to almost instantly lessen the severity of these head-noises and in a very short time to completely overcome them. With the disappearing of the head-noises, the hearing also greatly improves, and very frequently can be restored to normal.

This effective prescription, which is given below, can easily be made at home, and has produced such satisfactory results that it has aroused the belief that deafness may be entirely overcome.

From your Chemist get 1 ounce of Parmitin (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it 2 pint of hot water and two ounces of sugar or two dessertspoonfuls of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

Parmitin is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian tubes, and thus to equalise the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of catarrhal secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are both remarkably quick and effective.—(Adv't.)

THE LION LEADS IN CURING

Est. 1847.

It is Nature's Remedy



BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.

Cures without tanning or cutting, bringing all diseases to the surface and healing from underneath in all cases of Eczema, Abscesses, Whitlows, Boils, Fists or Cysts, Tumours, Piles, Erysipelas, Polypus, Poisoned Wounds, and all forms of Skin Disease. Unequalled for Varicose Ulcers. Available as a general household remedy for cuts, burns, stings, &c.

Of Chemists, 9d., 1/3, 3/6, 6d., per box. E. BURGESS, 59, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

WEAK ACHING BACK? RUB OUT LUMBAGO!

Rub Backache away with a small bottle of old St. Jacobs Oil.

Ah! The pain is gone! Quickly! Yes. Almost instant relief from pain, stiffness, and lameness follows a gentle rubbing with St. Jacobs Oil.

Rub this soothing, penetrating oil wherever the pain is, and, like magic, relief comes. St. Jacobs Oil is a harmless backache, lumbago, and sciatica cure, which never disappoints, and does not burn the skin.

Stiffness, "stitch in the side," and sense of weakness in the spine cured in a moment: St. Jacobs Oil enables you to forget that you ever had a back, because it will not hurt or feel stiff and weak any more. Do not suffer! Get a small bottle of St. Jacobs Oil now from your chemist and obtain lasting relief.

Bisto means less meat but more gravy.

The gravy is more than the meat to many people, and to children especially. Bisto gravy is rich, nourishing, and delicious.

Bisto
Of All Graciers.

Made by Cerebos Limited.

THE HIGHEST BIDDER

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

MEG ROSS, a young and pretty girl, who, from motives of duty, has promised to marry

JEFFREY STAFFORD, a strong, determined man, to whom

LAURIE ROSS, Meg's brother, is under considerable financial obligations.

ALLISON LEE, Meg's closest friend. She is in love with Stafford.

Jeffrey Stafford takes Meg to see his mother. Afterwards, on her return home, a visitor—Mr. Anthony Willard—is announced.

VAIN DREAMS.

I SUPPOSE I WAS silent for some moments, for the maid moved restlessly as if wondering what was the matter, and I came back to myself with a little rush.

"I can't see him—I can't see anyone," I said breathlessly. "Please tell him—say I'm engaged—say I'm not well. Anything! Ask him to wait if it's anything important."

I felt that it would be more than I could bear to meet Anthony's father. I had heard so much about him, and knew from his photograph how much like Anthony he was, and just now—the eve of my wedding with another man—I knew I dared not let myself be so vividly reminded of the past and the many dreams that had been taken from me this Christmas Night. The maid went away and I heard her voice in the hall, and then a man's voice, and then presently the opening and closing of the front door.

He had gone. I went over to the window and pressed my face to the cold glass, trying to catch a glimpse of him as he went down the road, but I could only see the dark outline of his figure against the snowy world.

I came back to the fire and hid my eyes in my hands.

My head felt burning and my heart was racing so that I could hardly breathe.

Why had he come? As far as I knew, he had never heard of my existence, and even supposing he had, for what reason had he troubled to find me out?

And the old pain and miserable longing awoke afresh in my heart, and set me pacing the room in miserable restlessness.

It was surely a cruel stroke of Fate that had sent him to me to-night of all nights! And in swift reaction I wished that I had seen him. Why had he sent him away? He might have had some message for me from Anthony, some little gift.

Or perhaps he had heard that I was to be married, and had come to remonstrate with me, if he had known that once Anthony and I had loved one another.

Better then, surely, for me not to have seen him, and yet presently I rang the bell for the maid who had answered the door to him and questioned her.

"What did Mr. Willard say? Did he say he would write? Do you think it was anything important?"

She shook her head.

"He said he would write, miss; he seemed disappointed, I think."

"He didn't say anything else? Is that all? Are you sure?"

Possibly he had come for no special reason, after all; perhaps just to speak of his son, knowing that he and I had been—friends! Laurie came in to dinner, but I did not tell him what had happened. I was afraid to trust myself to speak of it, and we struggled through the meal, talking platitudes.

Only when I said good-night to him he held me fast for a moment and looked down at me.

"I'll never forget what you've done for me, Meg," he said hoarsely. "I wish I was worth it."

"You are worth it—to me," I said; then I crept upstairs and undressed, and lay awake for hours, wondering if Anthony knew what I was going to happen to-morrow and how miserable I was.

When at last I fell asleep it was to dream of those few happy moments at the Fryers' ball, when he had held me in his arms and kissed me, and I woke with the dream still fresh in my mind, to the knowledge that it was my wedding day, and that nothing had happened to prevent the marriage and that the day of miracles had passed.

ONE LAST LOOK ROUND.

I WAS to be married in grey.

"Like a widow!" Laurie said discontentedly, when I went down in my frock to show him.

"Perhaps I feel like a widow," I said spitefully, twisting and turning to look at myself in a long glass in the drawing-room.

"You must admit it's a pretty frock, anyhow," I said.

"Pretty enough," he said grudgingly. "But it's all so cold! Can't you carry some flowers or something to cheer things up a bit?"

He looked pale and drawn, as if he had not slept, and for a moment I forgot myself in my sympathy for him.

"I'm all right, old boy," I said, squeezing his arm, "and Jeffrey is sending me some red carnations; he asked what sort of flowers I would like, and the clergyman, who looked towards the window. "What a wintry morning!"

"Seastly," said Laurie with a shiver.

There was a little silence; then I met his eyes and laughed. "It's not much like a wedding, is it?" I asked ruefully. "Not much like my idea of a wedding, at least." And I thought of my wedding as I had always pictured it—a

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

white frock and drooping veil, heaps of flowers and a crowd of guests. And the bridegroom. . . I shivered away from that thought, but it came back to my mind again and again. How differently everything happens in the world from what we expect or hope! How tragic life turns out to be when we are most happily anticipating it!

"Well, I've not got to write and thank hundreds of people for silly crests and toast-racks—that's one good job," I said, trying to speak cheerfully. "And there won't be columns of rubbish in the papers about the bride looking beautiful, and all that sort of stuff, will there?"

Laurie did not answer, and I caught his arm giving him a playful pinch.

"Cheer up, for Heaven's sake! It's my funeral, Laurie, not yours!" I said.

"I ought to be shot," was his vehement answer.

"Rubbish!" I said briskly. "What's the time—half-past nine? The car will be here in twenty minutes and I haven't got my hat on."

I rushed upstairs again, glad to escape from his teasing, and for a moment I locked my door and stood leaning against it with an overwhelming sense of weakness.

"Anthony!" I spoke his name through the silence with a little trembling whisper; then I took his last little scribbled note which had come to me before I went to that fatal ball, kissed it and threw it into the fire.

I watched it burning till only a faint tracery of grey remained; then I said "Good-bye!" and turned away.

It was the end of a dream—the sweetest dream perhaps that I should ever know—and now there remained nothing but the future. I went to the dressing-table and looked at myself in the glass.

The grey frock suited me, in spite of what Laurie had said, and the little grey velvet cap, with its short, curly feather, suited me, too. But I looked so pale!

I knew what he had meant, as if someone had given me a little piece of ice instead of a heart.

I took up my gloves and gave a last look round the room.

Here, twelve days ago, I had dressed for Mrs. Fryer's ball with a happy heart and eager anticipation. Only twelve days ago! And now it was my wedding day. I supposed that many people would think it indecent haste if they had known, but to me it seemed so long ago since Anthony died that I could not look at it in that light. A week—or a year!—what did it matter? Life could never be the same again.

Laurie called to me from the stairs and I unlocked my door and went down to him. I clung to the balusters with a little feeling of weakness for a moment when I saw him standing in the hall, a big bouquet of red carnations in his hand.

Jeffrey had sent them, I knew, and they seemed to put the crowning touch of finality to everything.

"I'm quite ready," I said, and I tried to smile, but my lips felt so stiff.

He put the flowers into my hand.

"Stafford sent them," he said.

The servants had come crowding into the hall. They looked a little sad and mystified, I thought. We had not told them much of what had happened; only that we had lost our money and that the house was to be given up, and I think they were all sorry for us.

One of the younger maids came forward and threw some violets in front of me as I walked to the door with my hand in Laurie's.

"Good luck and happiness, miss," she said, and went into the drawing-room.

My own eyes felt burning hard, as if tears could never ease them any more, but I managed to smile.

"Thank you, very much," I said. "But don't cry. Of course, I'm going to be happy."

Anthony had been to our house so much that I suppose they had all guessed we cared and realised there was something of a tragedy in this hurried wedding.

"I shall see you when I come back from church," I said, because it had been arranged that I should come back to change my frock before we left for our honeymoon.

Honeymoon! What a word to use in connection with a wedding such as ours! I wondered if Jeffrey Stafford hated the thought of it as much as I did.

MARRIED.

LAURIE held my hand all the way to the church. It was Jeffrey's car, which he had insisted on sending for me, and it was absurdly luxurious in its comfort. The grey velvet upholstered lining matched my frock, and I drew Laurie's attention to it.

"We could never have afforded a car like this," I said, trying to speak gaily. "Laurie, we're going to have a good time now, you see!"

He turned his head away as he answered:—"I hope with all my heart that you will, dear."

He did not include himself in the hope. He knew, of course, that Jeffrey hated him.

Then we got to the church, and again just for a second the dreadful feeling of faintness came over me, so that I could hardly force myself to move.

"Meg—aren't you well?" Laurie's anxious voice roused me, and with an effort I rose to my feet.

"Of course—it was only . . . just for a minute! Well, wouldn't you feel nervous if you were going to be married?"

It was like a dream as we walked up the aisle of the empty church. Our footsteps sounded loudly on the floor.

The pews were all empty, and there was nobody to play the organ, nobody in the church but a disinterested-looking vergier in a shabby surplice, and Mrs. Stafford standing stiffly in the front, and the clergyman, who looked very old, and Jeffrey Stafford, who turned fully



Meg Ross.

round and looked hard at me as I came towards him; and the knowledge flashed through my mind that he had not really expected me to come that he had been quite prepared for me to back out of my bargain even at the last moment, and the wild thought flashed through my mind, "Why didn't I? I could have run away so easily."

Then I looked at Laurie's pale face, and the thought died away, and Jeffrey put out his hand and took mine, and I was surprised to find that he was trembling very much.

If anyone had been nervous it should have been me. I thought dully, and wondered why now I felt so calm.

The service was very short, and the vergier gave most of the responses for us. He had a deep voice, and he sounded a great deal, and altogether I think every one of us was thankful when it was all over.

I looked up at Jeffrey. He was very pale and stern-looking.

"Is that all?" I whispered to him, and the ghost of a smile crossed his face as he answered.

We went to the vestry and signed our name in a great parchment book that smelt of centuries, and then the parson congratulated us, and hurried off as soon as ever he could, leaving the vergier to see us out of the church.

Mrs. Stafford was kissing Jeffrey, and I turned to Laurie. I tried to speak, but no words would come, so I just held out my hand for a moment before Jeffrey offered me his arm, and we went out at the side vestry door to where the car waited.

The world looked very pretty. I remember, in the snow, I saw a little warm ray of sunshine broke through the dull sky as we drove away.

"That's kind of it, anyway," I said.

"Kind of what?" Jeffrey asked.

"The sun," I explained. "It shone! Didn't you notice?"

"No."

He sat opposite to me, and his eyes seemed to avoid my face.

The silence was almost unbearable.

"Thank you for the flowers," I said, suddenly.

I raised the beautiful bouquet of carnations to my face. "They are lovely! It was kind of you to send them," I said again.

He did not answer, and with the desperate feeling that I must go on talking or break down into hopeless tears, I said again:—

"Do you like my frock? Don't you think it's pretty? Laurie said it was too sombre, but I like it, don't you?" I raised my eyes to his, and involuntarily I said: "Oh, what is the matter?"

For he looked so distressed, so utterly different in some strange way.

He caught my hand in his, crushing it hard.

"Try not to hate me too much—try not to hate me too much," he said hoarsely; and then, before I could recover from my surprise or answer him, we were home again, and the next moment we were standing together in the drawing-room.

Someone had put some white flowers on the table, and there were wine and light refreshments.

"Well—so we're really married," I said hoarsely. I put my fingers down on a chair and looked at my new wedding ring.

I felt frightfully excited, and there was a brilliant flush on my cheeks.

Mr. Stafford took a little package from his pocket.

"You have fulfilled your share of the bargain," he said. "Here is mine."

I took it from him and laid it on the table.

"You had better look through to make sure it is genuine," he said dryly. "I may have cheated you—even now!"

"I know you haven't done that," I said quickly. "I know you wouldn't do a thing like that. I can trust you, anyway. Look!"

And I took the package up without opening it and threw it into the fire.

The dull colour mounted slowly to his face as he watched the proofs of my brother's guilt burn to ashes, then he looked down at me with soft eyes.

"Thank you. That is the kindest thing you could have done for me," he said.

Another fine instalment will appear to-morrow.

SIGNALS FROM A SACK IN RIVER.

While walking by the side of the Lea a London County Council gardener saw floating down stream a sack, from which suddenly an arm shot out and caught him by the collar.

"Thank you, he found in it Arthur Windus, aged sixty-five, of Hammersmith, who died without regaining consciousness.

At the inquest at Hackney yesterday it was found that Windus had been depressed through losing his job and over the death of a member of his family. A verdict of Suicide whilst of unsound mind was returned.

'MOTHER OF FIVE v. MOTHER OF SIX.'

When an East Finchley woman with a husband and five children applied to the Highgate magistrates yesterday for an ejectment order against a lodger who occupied three of the six rooms in the house, the lodger retorted that she, her husband and six children could not find any more room.

The Bench adjourned the case for a month.



USE
Rexall
Orderlies

'They keep you in order!'

SO much depends on your being perfectly 'fit' that you cannot afford to neglect the smallest symptom. A slight headache—a bad taste in the mouth may mean constipation. And even slight constipation is serious—it affects the nerves, and dulls the brain and often paves the way to serious illness.

For constipation, biliousness or stomach disorders, use Rexall Orderlies. They are a laxative confection, pleasant to the taste and gentle in action. They correct irregularity, and so prevent the many serious ailments that start with constipation.

Rexall Orderlies are guaranteed to give satisfaction. If not your money will be returned in full.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO VISIT THE

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PHARMACY
IN YOUR TOWN

If you do not know the address of the "Rexall" chemist in your town, we will be pleased to send his name on request. Write to the United Drug Co., Liverpool.

ZEE-KOL ACTS LIKE MAGIC ON THE SKIN. 49,772 SKIN CURES IN ONE YEAR.

Zee-Kol is to-day the greatest and most powerful skin healer that science can produce.

Zee-Kol Ointment cures thousands weekly, no matter what the skin disease is, the worst forms of Eczema have been cured in fourteen days, and often less time is allowed to overcome this complaint. Don't go to hospitals with a skin disease, but go to a chemist and get Zee-Kol to cure you. Zee-Kol is the greatest germ killer in the world and is non-poisonous. Ulcers, Sores, Bad Legs, Piles, Eczema, Ringworm, etc., are rapidly and completely cured and Pimples and Blackheads vanish in a night.

3,000,000 Free Gifts

A sample of Zee-Kol Ointment will be sent absolutely free. Send no postage. If a large Free sample of Zee-Kol Medicated Soap is also required please enclose lid, for postage. Write Zee-Kol Mfg. Co., Dept. 9, 39, Mitchell-street, London, E.C.

Further supplies obtainable at all chemists, including Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co., etc., at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per box. Zee-Kol Medicated Soap, 1s. 3d. per tablet.

SPORT FOR NEW YEAR HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

Starters and Jockeys for Manchester Victory 'Chase.

WHITE HEAT WINS AGAIN.

Newbury felt the effect of the more important Manchester meeting in no uncertain degree yesterday. Indeed, I doubt if a smaller crowd has ever seen such a poor showing on the Berkshire course. Two races between them claimed eighteen of the twenty-six runners, and Heathcote was allowed to walk over for the Andover Steeplechase.

Mr. Stiever was sanguine that Lydia White would beat White Heat in the Berkshire Hurdle, but the general body of backers thought otherwise, and at 6 to 4 on Sir Shadforth Watts horse strolled home an easy winner by two lengths. Toloul was third, and Frank Webber ran well enough to suggest that his turn will come soon.

Victory 'Chase Prospects.

It will be a different story at Manchester to-day when the 1,000 soya Victory Steeplechase is the big attraction. Neither Pottellyn nor Pollen will be in the field, and I hear that it is unlikely that Tally Ho will be sent. In that case the following may comprise the field:

6 11 4	Mr. O'Toole's CLONRENE	Dainty
11 10 10	Mr. H. Cappell's BELL TOLL	Threlfall
7 10 10	Mrs. Howell's TURKEY PUZZARD	Payne
7 10 4	Capt. Hannab's ARDONAGH	Rees
7 10 2	Mr. Powell's PILLAGE	Piggott
9 10 0	Mr. Samuel's LOCH ALLEN	Piggott
10 0 0	Baron de Tull's DAY DAWN	A. Aylin

Since he won the Grand Steeplechase at Liverpool, Cleland has been regarded as one of Pottellyn's most dangerous opponents for the "National," but whether he will be seen at this year's event is another matter. In any case the "book" seems to point to Ardagh, who has the better of the weights compared with the Sefton. I know he is considerably fancied, and it is just possible that Mr. Anthony will have the mount.

To-day's Selections.

The minor races also promise some capital sport. Ardagh will oppose Furious in the Club Hurdle, and there should be some close waging between Heat and Dornoch in the Chorlton Hurdle. Complete selections are appended.

1. 0.—HEDU.	2.45.—ARDONAGH.
1.3.—PRINCE CLIFTON.	3.15.—HE SAYS.
2. 0.—UBROFF.	3.45.—PRINCE CLIFTON.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

*HEDU and ARDONAGH.

BOUVIERIE.

NEWBURY RETURNS.

1.0.—WROUGHTON HURDLE. 2m.—SIMON THE CELLARER (24, Dainty) beat Mistral (Swill).	
1.30.—WILSHIRE CHASE. 2m.—WARLINE (1-4, Rennison) beat Deronade (Chamberlain).	
2.0.—LAMBOURN HURDLE. 2m.—TURK II (11-10, Mr. J. Anthony) 1; Mark Back (11-10, 2. Also ran: Camouflage (10-1) (Hastings).	
2.30.—BERAHLIE HURDLE. 2m.—WHITE HEAT (4-6, Escott) 1; Lydia White (9-2, 2); Toloul (10-1, 3). Also ran: Somersby (10-1, 4); Tally Ho (10-1, 5); Tally Ho (10-1, 6); Tally Ho (10-1, 7); Tally Ho (10-1, 8); Tally Ho (10-1, 9); Tally Ho (10-1, 10); Tally Ho (10-1, 11); Tally Ho (10-1, 12); Tally Ho (10-1, 13); Tally Ho (10-1, 14); Tally Ho (10-1, 15); Tally Ho (10-1, 16); Tally Ho (10-1, 17); Tally Ho (10-1, 18); Tally Ho (10-1, 19); Tally Ho (10-1, 20); Tally Ho (10-1, 21); Tally Ho (10-1, 22); Tally Ho (10-1, 23); Tally Ho (10-1, 24); Tally Ho (10-1, 25); Tally Ho (10-1, 26); Tally Ho (10-1, 27); Tally Ho (10-1, 28); Tally Ho (10-1, 29); Tally Ho (10-1, 30); Tally Ho (10-1, 31); Tally Ho (10-1, 32); Tally Ho (10-1, 33); Tally Ho (10-1, 34); Tally Ho (10-1, 35); Tally Ho (10-1, 36); Tally Ho (10-1, 37); Tally Ho (10-1, 38); Tally Ho (10-1, 39); Tally Ho (10-1, 40); Tally Ho (10-1, 41); Tally Ho (10-1, 42); Tally Ho (10-1, 43); Tally Ho (10-1, 44); Tally Ho (10-1, 45); Tally Ho (10-1, 46); Tally Ho (10-1, 47); Tally Ho (10-1, 48); Tally Ho (10-1, 49); Tally Ho (10-1, 50); Tally Ho (10-1, 51); 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THE VICTOR OF BROMLEY.

Daily Mirror

Thursday, January 1, 1920

YESTERDAY'S WEDDING.



The Mayor of Bromley (Kent) announcing the election of Lieutenant-Colonel C. James (left) as M.P. at the declaration of the poll yesterday. On the right is Mr. F. P. Hodes, the unsuccessful Labour candidate.



THE MODERN PORTIA.—The admission of ladies to the Bar will create a new fashion in the Courts. This is how the modern Portia will appear when pleading her client's cause.



Mr. R. N. Raleigh King and his bride (Miss Lena Sybil Harrison) leaving St. Michael's, Chester-square, after their wedding yesterday.



Prince Antoine Radziwill and his bride (Miss Dorothy Parker Deacon) photographed at their wedding at Chelsea in 1910. The Princess, who is the daughter of a Boston millionaire, is now seeking a divorce.



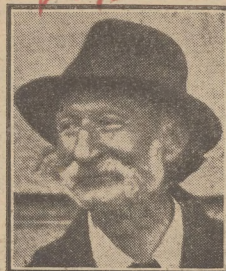
EDUCATION MINISTER'S ADDRESS.—The Right Hon. Herbert A. L. Fisher, M.P., Minister of Education, delivering the inaugural address at the eighth annual conference of the Educational Association at University College yesterday. Seated on the Minister's right is the Mistress of Girton.



PARIS FLOODS.—So high has the Seine risen during the last few days that the famous Zouave, one of the ornaments of the Alma Bridge, now stands with his feet in the water, instead of being high and dry above the river. Undaunted, the old warrior of stone stands firm, but Parisians get anxious.



BLACK ROD.—Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. T. Pulteney, K.C.B., who is announced as the successor of the late Admiral Sir H. Stephenson as Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.



VETERAN NEWSMAN. — Davy Stephens, the veteran newsmen of Kingstown (Dublin), who received Christmas greetings from the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, and a great many peers, peeresses, and other well-known people.



Japanese infantry advancing to the attack.



A Japanese gun team in action.

TO STOP THE BOLSHEVISTS. — The Allies have decided to hand over the control of Siberia to Japan owing to the lightning advance of the Bolshevists.